

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

If I could see the puppets dallying.  
*Oph.* You are keene my Lord, you are keene.  
*Ham.* It would cost you a groining to rake off mine edge.  
*Oph.* Still better and worse.  
*Ham.* So you mistake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croaking Rauens doth bellow for reuenge.  
*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, druggs fit and time agreeing, Considerate season, els no creature seeing, Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected, With *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice infected, Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie, On wholesome life vsurps immediately.  
*Ham.* A poisons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant and written in very choice *Italian*, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.  
*Oph.* The King rises.  
*Que.* How fares my Lord?  
*Pol.* Giue ore the Play.  
*King.* giue me some light, away.  
*Pol.* Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt, all but Ham. and Horatio.*  
*Ham.* Why let the stroken Deere goe weepe, The Hart vngauled play, For some must watch whilst some must sleepe, Thus runs the world away. Would not this sir & a Forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouincial Roses, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of Player?  
*Hora.* Halfe a share.  
*Ham.* A whole one I.  
For thou dost know oh *Damon* deere, This Realme dimantled was Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raignes here A very very paiock.  
*Hora.* You might haue rim'd.  
*Ham.* O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceaue?  
*Hora.* Very well my Lord.  
*Ha.* Vpon the talke of the poisoning.  
*Hora.* I did very well note him.

Ham.

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Ham.* Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,  
For if the King like not the Comodie,  
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.  
Come, some musique.  
*Enter Rosencraus, Gyldesterne.*  
*Gyl.* Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you  
*Ham.* Sir a whole historie.  
*Gyl.* The King sir.  
*Ham.* I sir, what of him?  
*Gyl.* Is in his retirement meruailous distempred.  
*Ham.* With drinke sir?  
*Gyl.* No my Lord, with choller.  
*Ham.* Your wisdom should shew it selfe more richer to signifie this to the Doctor, for, for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.  
*Gyl.* Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, And itare not so wildly from my affaire.  
*Ham.* I am tame sir, pronounce.  
*Gyl.* The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.  
*Ham.* You are welcome.  
*Gyl.* Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breed, if it shall please you to make me a wholsome answer, I will do your mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall be the end of businesse.  
*Ham.* Sir I cannot.  
*Ros.* What my Lord.  
*Ha.* Make you a wholsome answer, my wits diseafd, but sir, such answer as I can make, you shal command, or rather as you say, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.  
*Ros.* Then thus she saies, your behauiour hath strooke her into amazement and admiration.  
*Ham.* O wonderfull sonne that can so stonish a mother! but is there no sequell at the beeles of this mothers admiration? imparr.  
*Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.  
*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any further trade with vs?  
*Ros.* My Lord you once did loue me.  
*Ham.* And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

H

Ros.